September 1944

ED AND FIFTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

Millennial Star

MONTHLY MAGAZINE ON MORMONISM

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SPECIAL FORCES EDITION

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SCIENCE and RESEARCH

By Dr. FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, Jr.
From the "Improvement Era"

RATS raised in a cold room grow most rapidly and learn fastest, it has been found in a comparison of rats raised and kept at temperatures of 55, 75, or 90 degrees Fahrenheit. However, those raised in the hot room had longer, more slender bodies and longer tails.

★

THE 1940 U.S. census found that Utah, with 10.2 median school years completed was exceeded only by Washington,D.C. This means that half the population of Utah have been to school for longer than that period.. Utah has 5.5 per cent. of the population who have less than five years of schooling, with only Idaho and Oregon lower.

★

SCARCELY a third of Pompeii, Roman city buried by Italy's volcanic Vesuvius, in A.D.79, has been excavated.

★

THE basin drained by the Amazon River in South America is an area larger than all of the United States east of the Mississippi.

FROM the friction of westward blowing winds on the surface of the water, the Pacific Ocean off the Philipines and New Guinea has a sea level about two feet higher than off the American coast.

★

SO-CALLED denicotinized tobaccos still contain half the original nicotine.

★

A STUDY of the Gunnison prairie dog in Colorado found that eighty per cent. .of their food is grass, useful as food for cattle and sheep, and only sixteen per cent. of plants such as the Russian thistle and nightshade, which are undesirable range plants.

★

EVEN in the clearest seawater about two-thirds of the light is absorbed in the first five yards of water. and in ten yards almost five-sixths has been absorbed including practically all of the infra-red heat rays and the ultra-violet light reaching lower depths is all in the visible range.

★

THE productivity of fruit orchards has been increased in California by adding ammonia to irrigation water as fertilizer.

The "MILLENNIAL STAR"

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READ THE "MILLENNIAL STAR" THOUGHTFULLY, PRAYERFULLY AND REGULARLY

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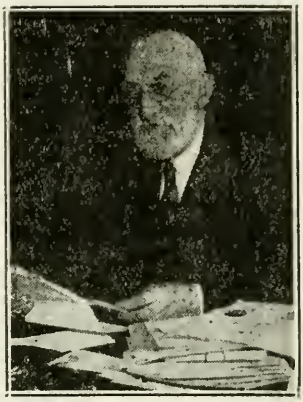
AN OPEN LETTER TO PRESIDENT GRANT



From-

L.D.S. SERVICEMEN AND WOMEN
ALL OVER THE WORLD

Dear President Grant:

There are seventy thousand of us, all with a thank-you trembling on our lips, each with a reason for saying it peculiarly our own, all a little doubtful as to how it should be said. To most of us our gratitude is born of the comfort we derive from knowing that we are not forgotten. Those small editions of the Book of Mormon and the Principles of the Gospel—they have been crammed into kit-bags, taken out and thumbed a thousand times in the desert sun, in lonely outposts of Empire, on the seas and in the air. We have held them in our hands before and after battle, sometimes when we were waiting our turn to "meet the Doc," and the waiting was painful and long. They were like a handclasp from home. They were a reminder and a promise of what we had left and to what we should return.

And can you guess how we felt when we received the first miniature edition of the Church News? A sort of warm pleasure that our needs were being anticipated and met. Some of us are not always as strong as we would wish to be, and these things help. You can't do something which isn't altogether cricket and then read a message from home, without something happening to the heart of you.

A uniform is rather inclined to diminish one's capacity for dreaming. We haven't much time to plan the new world, too much of our time is spent fighting for it. That is when we enjoy the immeasureable comfort of knowing that you, Sir, are at the helm.

We salute you with our loyalty and our love.

Very sincerely,

YOUR SONS
AND DAUGHTERS
IN UNIFORM.

AFTER THE WAR

(Address delivered at the Sunday Morning Session of the 114th Annual General Conference, 9th April, 1944, in the Tabernacle).

I HUMBLY pray God for the guidance of his teaching spirit.

There is a continuous freshness in the fundamental principles of the Gospel. They never grow out of date. Fortunate is the man who translates them into his life.

In his masterly presentation of faith and his great appeal for faith, the Apostle Paul, citing the examples of the heroes of faith of the Old Testament, said:—

> Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

We know, as though we had seen them, the creation of the earth, the deluge, the birth, crucifixion and resurrection of our dear Lord Jesus Christ. We hope for the millenium, when swords shall be beaten into plowshares, and spears into pruning hooks. We hope for the glorious resurrection of the Saints of God and the reappearance of Jesus Christ in the splendour and glory of immortality.

"Through faith," Paul said, "we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God." I am one who fondly hopes and believes that in the spirit world, our pre-existent state, through the faith we exercised and prayers we offered before the throne of God, that this earth was created, to which we might come, and by taking mortality upon ourselves, go on to eternal perfection and immortality.

The Apostle Paul continues:

> But without faith it is impossible to please him: for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him.

Thus we are taught that faith is one of the powers upon which eternal life is based.

At the close of this war we are going to witness a remarkable and mighty miracle of faith. We shall be under the necessity of remaking a world, of building up a new world. God grant that we may build it up unto Him.

Henry Grady, the great Southern orator, declared, after the Civil War: "Fields that were red with human blood, are green with the harvests of June. The reins have not slipped from God's hands."

His purposes will be fulfilled, and this old world is not going to burst asunder, and civilization shall never perish from the earth while the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ is taught, while the priesthood of God still remains upon the earth.

I am not vain nor egotistical when I say that I believe with all my heart that the priesthood of God, this great Church, because of the great mission to be performed, is holding this old world together, and the missionary work to be accomplished after this war is going to make our hearts overflow with joy.

The servants of our Father shall go out, and where they are baptizing one to-day, they shall baptize a score, or hundreds, yea a thousand, for every knee shall bend and every tongue confess that Jesus is the Christ.

I believe, I have faith, that this terrible war, with all its death and ravages, is bringing men nearer to God. That has been the rule in the centuries that are passed. An ancient prophet said:

"When I was afflicted, I learned thy statutes."

But in dissipation, in idleness, in immorality, in wickedness, we never learn much about God.. It is only when God touches our heart and makes us all mourn, because of the grief in the world, that we feel after Him. For a touch of trouble makes us all akin, and we look unto the Lord. Affliction and sorrow have brought more souls to God than all the joy of the world.

We read of a great postwar programme. Is it not pathetic that in all these postwar declarations the name of God is seldom, if ever, mentioned? The best post-

by Charles A. Callis

of The Council of Twelve

war programme is found in the Book of Mormon. May I read the words of the Lord:—

> Behold, this land, said God, shall be a land of thine inheritance, and the Gentiles shall be blessed upon the land.
>
> And this land shall be a land of liberty unto the Gentiles, and there shall be no kings upon the land, who shall raise up unto the Gentiles. : . . And now, listen:—
>
> And I will fortify this land against all other nations.
>
> And he that fighteth against Zion shall perish, saith God.
>
> For he that raiseth up a King against me shall perish, for I, the Lord, the king of heaven, will be their king, and I will be a light unto them forever, that hear my words. (II Nephi 10: 10-14).

Here is a divine pledge of the perpetuation of our glorious republic, conditioned upon our obedience unto God, conditioned upon our effort, our determination and our labours to cleanse the land of the accursed thing, which is sin; and you know the form in which sin lurks and is often disguised. I hope and pray that this nation, after this war, and during the war shall fortify this land to such an extent, and place it in such a condition of invulnerability that the nations of the earth, as God says in the Doctrine and Covenants, shall say: "Let us not go up to battle against Zion, for the inhabitants of Zion are terrible." America is Zion, from North to South, from East to West.

I pray that after the war our government will furnish employment for every inactive labourer, in fortifying this country, that it will teach men to be mechanics, to be useful, for a nation that harbours idleness is doomed to decay and finally destruction. One of the saddest hours of a young man's life is when he sits down and seeks to devise ways and means for earning a living without work. It is the wise nation that keeps its people at work. The men who want that bold independence that only labour can buy, are the strength of the nation. Work helps a people to be strong in the worship of that God, who, from the days of Adam, has condemned slothfulness. He has always urged men and women to work.

Furthermore, I hope that our nation, now and forever, so long as the Star Spangled Banner shall float in the breezes of heaven, will remember the words of Washington, that "to be prepared for war is the most effectual means of preserving peace." Also, "'Tis our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world." God destined this nation to be a light to the world, to be a herald unto every nation. and nobly we will fill that mission if we serve the God of this land and abstain from all uncleanness.

The Saviour, just before his ascension, said to His Apostles:—

> But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth. (Acts 1:8)..

In pursuance of that glorious promise, Peter, James and John did come, as heavenly beings, unto America, to the uttermost part of the earth, to the uttermost bounds of the everlasting hills, as Jacob said, when he blessed the tribe of Joseph: and there, declaring that they held the keys of the Kingdom of God, and the keys of this last dispensation, they did lay their hands upon the head of Joseph Smith, and ordained him to the Melchizidek priesthood, fulfilling the promise of our Lord Jesus Christ. .

This priesthood to-day is being magnified in a mighty work. By the power of this priesthood temples are built, and work for the living and the dead has been inaugurated, the Gospel is being preached, and true to its mission. by the power of the holy priesthood, this Church is preaching the Gospel to every nation and kindred and tongue and people, to prepare the way for the glorious second coming of the Son of God.

This I testify to, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Thoughts———

FOR THE SERVICEMAN'S QUIET HOUR

No. 3

TO a group of pilots and cadets in an army chapel, the speaker read the scripture, "God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him." "God gave man certain instructions called commandments," said the speaker, "and told him that all blessings are predicated upon obedience to law." He spoke of the immutable, inexorable law of the harvest, "As ye sow, so shall ye also reap."

"God is the Master Builder, the Great Scientist, the Loving Father, all-powerful, all-wise; but he, too, observes law. He has said it is his work and his glory to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man. Just as the glory of God is intelligence, so man's glory will be measured by his intelligence, and this in turn will be shown by his knowledge of and obedience to law."

At the close of the meeting, some of the men asked the speaker some questions regarding laws and rules and regulations, and obedience, not only in military service, but in life.

One of the group, requesting permission to be entirely frank, said in effect, "We think there are too many rules and regulations anyway. Too much time must be spent in finding out just what one is supposed to do or refrain from doing. If there were fewer rules in the army there would not be so many men in guard houses, less K.P. duty as punishment, and there would be much better feeling between the men and their N.C.O.'s and officers, whose duty it is to see that discipline is maintained." Continuing, he said, "I am not so much concerned about the matter as it effects us while we are in the service. but the same line of reasoning bothers us when we think of the laws of life, when we hear the gospel preached and reference made to sin and its consequences. On every hand and each hour of his life man is confronted with some law or regulation, some edict or commandment, each with its own punishment, each threatening dire consequences with seeming disregard for the sinner's knowledge of the law."

Another of the group took up the argument, and said it seemed to him that the Creator had arbitrarily written down a lot of "thou shalt nots" and then spent his time throughout eternity spying on violators and bringing them to judgment, all for His own glory. "What we want is freedom to do as we please, so long as we respect the rights of others. We object to prohibition, restriction, regulation, restraint; just let us be, to live our lives as we choose, and we'll risk the consequences."

Then the speaker undertook to teach by parable.

A great airplane builder, after years of study and experiment, perfected a plane. He invented all the operating parts and related them one to another according to the laws of aerodynamics. He had put much time and thought and love into its creation, and when it was completed he looked upon his work and called it good.

The builder called his son to him, showed him what he had made, explained to him the purpose of its creation, the importance and function of each working part, and their interdependence; told him that he had observed certain laws, as he invented and built the parts and fitted them together. He told of the fine adjustments necessary, and the need of exact tolerances. He explained that the success or failure of this plane would depend upon how strictly the pilot observed the laws upon which its flight depended.

The builder told his son that he was entrusting the plane to his care. He should become its pilot, and that therefore he should learn to fly, how to operate the plane in all kinds of weather.

BY HUGH B. BROWN

CO-ORDINATOR TO L.D.S. MEN AND WOMEN IN THE FIGHTING FORCES

If the builder had used Bible language, he might have said, "Thou shalt," or "Thou shalt not." He would have given him at least ten commandments, probably each with its reward or penalty. And, among other things, he doubtless would have said, "Thou shalt not take the plane into the air without first checking the oil and gas, nor permit them to be diluted or contaminated.

"Thou shalt not attempt to leave the ground without first obtaining a certain speed or to land at a greater or less speed than that which experience has shown to be safe.

"Thou shalt always take oxygen and a mask when intending to fly above a certain altitude, and in that higher altitude never fly for prolonged periods without using the oxygen mask.

"Thou shalt make sure that the pipes between the gas tank and the engine are free from dirt, are not clogged or broken, for your life will depend upon an uninterrupted flow of power from that source.

"Thou shalt be constantly vigilant about altitude and speed, studying your maps and compass every hour. Seek frequent reports from headquarters on the weather, and always heed the warnings given.

"You will frequently have access to radio beams by which you may check your location and direction. Observe the warning signals that you may not veer too far to the right or left, or lose contact with you base. Remember the personnel at the home base are your friends. They have access to information not available to you. Do not question the wisdom of their decisions."

Many other instructions and commandments were given to the pilot before he took off, and the father bade him God-speed and happy landing, with one last caution, "Thou shalt not strike a match near the gas tank. You have your free agency to do as you choose, but remember if you disobey these rules, you and others will suffer or die."

The pilot noted all that his father had said, but thought him a bit old-fashioned and whimsical. He had his own ideas regarding the many instructions he had received, and the need of their observance. He took great care at first, as he knew his father was watching him, but soon he felt the thrill of release from restraint, and of the exercise of power, the pride of independent decision and achievement, and he began to wonder why his father had spent so much time on foolish rules and regulations. "Now that I am on my own," he said, "I shall fly the plane in my own way. The kind and quality of oil and gas I shall use is my own affair. I'll pay little heed to altitude or speed, nor will I be bound by foolish rules regarding the physical care of the engine, or its relationship to the source of power." So he flew into the higher altitudes, and momentarily enjoyed the intoxication of a rarified atmosphere. He discarded his oxygen mask, and in his delirium went into a dive and drunkenly enjoyed the exhiliration of the speed. Recklessly, he said to himself, "I am the favorite son of my

father; nothing can happen to me, as he is so powerful that he can rescue me even from my own folly. These rules and regulations may be all right for the common run of pilots, but see who I am."

What would you men think of a pilot who acted in such a manner—how would you like to be one of his crew? Would you sympathize with his arguments if, after a crash, he should contend that the rules were useless anyway and that the effect of disobedience was disproportionate to the cause? Would you agree that a tiny spark should not cause a great explosion when it reached gas fumes?

Righteousness, which is obedience to law, exalts an individual as well as a nation; while sin, which is the folly of disobedience, deliberately taking the wrong road doing things the hard way, is a reproach to any man.

Each man is the pilot of his own life, charged with the responsibility of the flight across the valley of life and over the hills of eternity. Keep this in mind as you ponder the thought that the Creator is your Father—heed his warnings, for his purpose is to help you make a happy landing. For this purpose he has made known the laws of life. He is the Master Builder who made man in his own image.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

MY TESTIMONY

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives. By his love-inspired sacrificial suffering, endured for us, he revealeth his infinite love for us. By his redeeming death and triumphant victory over the grave, wrought by the power of the resurrection in him he revealed to us his omnipotence.

By this perfect revelation of his love and power, I am moved to have faith in his willingness and power to save those who trust in him and serve him diligently to the end.

By his glorious personal appearance in our day, my faith in his love-inspired sacrifice and his triumphant victory over the grave is confirmed; and I am moved to serve him with the perfect assurance of faith—the faith that "works by love," purifies the heart, ennobles the mind and perfects character, and completely "overcomes the world."

Thine own life Thou gavest for me,
In pangs of agonizing pain;
May my life be given to Thee,
And glorify Thy gracious reign.

—Nephi Jensen.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

TRUTH

TRUTH is the object of the scientist's eternal quest, the goal of the philosopher's ceaseless striving, the vital thing the artist seeks to glorify, the foundation of freedom, justice and right, the soul of all moral grandure, the strength of the noblest character, the holiest thing enshrined in the heart of the saint, and the glory of the God of all excellence, majesty and power.

—Nephi Jensen.

COURAGE FOR CRISIS

By Dr. JOHN A. WIDTSOE
of the Council of the Twelve

(Address delivered at the 114th General Conference, April 7th, 1944, in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City).

MY Dear Brethren and Fellow-workers.—This has been a very enjoyable conference to me, and, I know, to all of us. A spirit of peace has been here, and that is as it should be, for the head of this Church is the Prince of Peace.

That which has been said during these two days has been interesting, instructive and impressive. I have been built up in my testimony, as well as in my knowledge of the gospel. I have felt to thank the Lord, time and again, as I have looked into the faces of you, my fellow-workers, for the faith and devotion to truth and to the cause of the Lord, His truth, which I know abide in you.

I am certain all of us were, shall I say astonished when we heard the report of the year's activities of the Church. Most of us had no idea, living in our little corners, doing our duty well in them, how great is the accumulation of service the Church is rendering. The twig planted by the Prophet Joseph Smith, under God's direction, on April 6th, 1830, has grown into a mighty tree, bearing bountiful and good fruit.

The thing that impressed me, I think more than anything else, when the report was read, was that every dollar mentioned, every can of fruit reported, represented a spiritual value, greater than the dollars, better than the can itself, or the fruit within it. The dollars and the cans reflected faith, faith in our hearts and in our actions. It reflected the nearness that the Church of God is building toward the Father of us all.

When I heard President Grant's eloquent, impressive address — and he gave us the spirit of the conference—it was evident again that this Church is built upon eternal realities. I thought, as I heard the reading of his address, of a statement frequently made in sacred writ, that "the course of God is one eternal round." The Gospel does not vary or depart from truth. In every age, in every dispensation, in every day and in every hour, all that we can do is to live righteously before the Lord, and to make use of the eternal principles which have been handed down to us from the day we lived in the heavens, and which will continue to the very end.

My heart has been filled with gladness during this conference. I am grateful for the calling into the Service of Brother Mark E. Petersen, as I am for the other brethren who have come into the Council Twelve recently, and, of course, for all who have served longer. I have known Brother Petersen for some time. He is one of us, a faithful Latter-day Saint. We can trust him.

In preparation for this conference, I have thought about the present perplexed and pitiful condition of the world. I was led to turn back the pages of history. It is said that "history repeats itself," and so I thought that perhaps I might dis-

cover some solution for our present-day problems by reading history.

I turned, as I often do, to the Prophet Joseph Smith. I came into this Church from another Church, a man-made church, one that is without the substance of truth, though filled with good people, deceived in their belief. When I found in this Church the true Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, I fell in love with Joseph Smith. I have been in love with him ever since.

So I turned back to see if I might discover something that he had said that might help me in clearing my own thinking. If you are willing, let me take you back a hundred years.

A hundred years ago the Prophet Joseph Smith was living out the last twelve months of his life on earth. It must have been a terrible year for him. Enemies, and bitterness of feeling sprang up on every hand against the people and leaders of the Church. Lawsuit followed lawsuit. There was no peace, especially for Joseph and his brother, Hyrum. It would seem, as one reads the story of that year, that the events that transpired during those twelve months were too trying to be endured by ordinary mortal man.

Therefore, I was thrilled when I found the Prophet's own words as to how he felt in the midst of tribulation and persecution, when facing death, for he, no doubt, knew that eventually his enemies would destroy his life. He expressed a great calm of spirit. In the midst of the storm was a majesty of calmness about him as he said:—

> The great Jehovah has ever been with me. The wisdom of God will direct me in the seventh hour. I feel in closer communion and better standing with God than I ever felt before.

In substance, that message has been given over and over again in this conference, for it is another way of stating the results of obedience to the great eternal, everlasting truths of the Gospel. Would we not all like to be able to say that the great Jehovah has ever been with us, that the wisdom of God directs us in the seventh hour; and that we feel in and stress of the day he was calm. There closer communion and better standing with God than we have ever felt before?

As I read that message, I began to understand how he could walk as a king, in the midst of circumstances of distress and persecution which marked the last year of his life, though not peculiar to that year, for he was ever persecuted ever feeling the attempts of the Evil One to destroy him and his work.

The experience of his last year came to a culmination in the great April conference of 1844. It began on Saturday, the 6th of April. It continued through until Tuesday — four days. The weather was good, almost perfect. More people attended that conference than had ever gathered before at any Latter-day Saint conference.

The Prophet was not feeling his best physically. He said on the first day that his lungs troubled him, and the sermon, which he had promised to deliver, he would give the next day. On Sunday he did give it. It is one of the most marvellous messages ever given to humanity, spoken by human lips.

That conference was remarkable in many ways. The Prophet's mind seemed to sweep, as it were, the horizons of eternity. He touched upon the things that are far beyond — the things of eternity. This sermon is known in our history as the "King Follett Sermon," a most remarkable document. I am glad that Elder Joseph Fielding Smith included it in his "Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith."

He taught revealing doctrines never clearly told before, since Christ, of perhaps since Adam, of the nature of God, our Heavenly Father, and of the destiny of man. The doctrine as there taught has become incorporated into our thinking and writing, in our books and sermons, without knowing exactly when or how it was first stated.

It was at that conference that the land of Zion was defined. The people who had joined the Church—ordinary people like ourselves—had perhaps thought of Kirtland or Missouri, as the land of Zion. But at this conference the Prophet said that the land of Zion is all of America—North and South America. As we read this account our minds go back to the days soon after Christ, when Peter himself was

inclined to believe that the Gospel was for a limited few, in a limited place, until God himself, by revelation, taught Peter that God's work is for all the world and all who dwell upon it, who have dwelt upon it, and who shall dwell upon it.

It was at this conference that the Prophet (I wonder sometimes if he foresaw that in three months he would be martyred) bore down on the people to finish the temple, and to secure their endowments, as among the most important things for them to do.

At this conference missionary work was also stressed. Brigham Young and Hyrum Smith both discoursed earnestly on missionary work.

As I read the minutes of the conference I said to myself: "These teachings are like those of 1944 — the same subjects, objectives and requirements, and the same obligations, and the same eternal truths to guide us in our work."

It was in this conference that the revelation came relative to stakes. Stakes of Zion had been organised before, but the Prophet said on this occasion:

"I have received instructions from the Lord that henceforth wherever the elders of Israel shall build up Churches and branches unto the Lord throughout the states, there shall be a stake of Zion organised."

He mentioned specifically that in course of time stakes should be organised in New York City and in Boston. Part of that prediction is already fulfilled, for we have a stake in New York.

It was a great conference. But, the Latter-day Saints have ever been willing to apply eternal truths to every-day needs. You recall that Elder Lee said that we are a practical people. We believe that the great things of life begin here, today, and that we have the right to enjoyment and happiness, to-day, as in the great day to come.

So, the Prophet, during his last year, spoke frequently upon practical matters. I have not the time to discuss his views relative to the building of a commonwealth, the relationship between industry, agriculture and manufacturing. That which he said is good reading to-day and might be read with profit by the empire-makers of to-day.

Dr. John A. Widtsoe

One thing which he said, as he looked into the future, refers to us, I believe. He said:

"I prophesy, in the name of the God of Israel, anguish, and desolation, and the withdrawing of the spirit of God, await this generation until they are visited with utter desolation."

Can you pick up a paper to-day, reporting great cities destroyed, countrysides laid barren, without feeling that the Prophet spoke as a prophet. He not only looked into the next day, but into the years to come, and into the ages that lie before.

But in the spirit of the Gospel, he set about at once to find a solution, for coming distress. That is what I found. I found three principles that appeared to be a solution of the world's troubles, but specifically and particularly pertaining to the United States. He was thinking about the United States—they were living in the United States at that time; they had problems within the States.

First, the Prophet laid down certain foundation principles.

"It is our purpose to build up and establish the principles of righteousness, and not to break down or destroy." That had a tremendous meaning. We seek to establish righteousness—yes; but we are not destroyers; we are builders. We accept all good that has come down through the years.

And he continues:

"And I proclaim, in the name of the Lord God Almighty, that I will fellowship

nothing in this Church but virtue, integrity and uprightness."

To a man seeking for Mormonism in a nutshell, perhaps these two statements would be a good offering. Upon such a platform the Prophet, in the midst of persecution, could be calm, unruffled and could carry forward steadily the work of the Lord.

Second, he declared the necessity for full conformity with the Constitution of the United States. If we desire prosperity, we of this land must conform to the principles that lie imbedded in the Constitution of the United States. For, he said, through such conformity we shall win liberty of conscience, and protection for the weak and for the oppressed. Without the preservation of this right and protection, there is no true freedom. The Church has ever fought for the untrammeled conscience. The great welfare programme is but the working out of the principle inherent in the Gospel; that the weak and the oppressed shall be protected. These principles, embody the very spirit of the Church.

Third, he laid down a principle which comes home to us this year. Brother Kirkham barely mentioned it. It so happened that in 1844 there would be a presidential election. Hyrum Smith, the fellow-martyr of the Prophet, delivered an impassioned sermon, giving no quarter whatever. I shall read a passage or two:

> We engage in the election, the same as any other principle; you are to vote for good men, and if you do not do this, it is a sin: to vote for wicked men would be a sin. Choose the good and refuse the evil. Men of false principles have preyed upon us like wolves upon helpless lambs. Damn the rod of tyranny; curse it. Let every man use his liberties according to the Constitution; . . . we want a president of the United States, not a party president, but a president of the whole people, for a party president disfranchises the opposite party. Have a president who will maintain every man in his rights.

Are not these three principles a part of the gospel of love, liberty and righteousness? Are not these voices out of the past for us of this day? I take it so.

We have written a great history. In it lie the principles of action that will redeem, reform and purify and cleanse this earth and the people who live upon it.

May God bless us and be with us as Latter-day Saints, and make us strong in defence of the truth, like unto Hyrum and Joseph Smith, asking and giving no quarter when truth is at stake. I pray, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ.—Amen.

THE ALIEN

I'm an alien, I'm an alien to the faith my mother taught me,
I'm a stranger to the God who heard my mother when she cried,
I'm a stranger to the comfort that my 'now I lay me' brought me,
To the everlasting arms that held my father when he died.
I have spent a lifetime seeking things I spurned when I had found them,
I have fought and been rewarded in many a winning Cause,
But I'd give them all—Fame, Fortune and the others that suround them,
If only I had the faith that made my mother what she was.

When the Great World came and called me, I deserted all to follow,
Never knowing in my blindness, I had slipped my hand from His,
Never dreaming in my dazedness that the bubble form was hollow,
That the world of gold was tinsel, as I since learned it is.
No! I have spent a lifetime seeking things I spurned when I had found them,
I've fought and been rewarded in many a winning Cause,
But I'd give it all—Fame, Fortune and others that surround them,
For a little of the faith that made my mother what she was.

—"Author Unknown."

RESPONSE TO A CALL

By Mark E. Petersen

OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

(Address delivered at the Friday Afternoon Session of the 114th Annual General Conference, 7th April, 1944, in the Tabernacle in Salt Lake City).

PRESIDENT J. Reuben Clarke, Junior, —Elder Petersen, for the people, for your associates, I want you to know that you are welcome, that we love you, and that you have our unbounded sympathy and support.

Elder Mark E. Petersen. — Thank you, President Clark, I deeply appreciate those words.

My brethren, it is extremely difficult for me to address you this afternoon. I was greatly shaken by the call which came to me yesterday. I feel that I am the least among you all. I have never felt so humble in all my days, as I do at this present moment.

I am indeed grateful for the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I am most happy that the Lord permitted me to be born in a Latter-day Saint home, where my parents taught me to believe in the message which they had received in a foreign land, the message which I shall bear to all the world through the rest of my life.

I am indeed grateful to my parents for this great thing which they did for me, as well as for all other things that they have done.

I am thankful for the beautiful home life that I have always had, and that I enjoy at the present time, with a lovely family and a wife who stands by my side and supports me in every endeavour in the Church.

I am grateful for you, my friends, so many of whom have expressed to me your good wishes, in telephone messages and letters which I have received.

My testimony has been strengthened through the years by the visits I have made to the Church offices as a representative of the "Deseret News. Twenty years ago it was my pleasure to make my first visit as a reporter there, and to become acquainted with President Heber J. Grant. He has thrilled me throughout those twenty years. I know, as I know that I live, that he is a prophet of Almighty God. I love him with all my soul; my family loves him. We are grateful that we can say with you that "We thank thee, O God, for a prophet."

I am grateful for my association with these other brethren who stand at the head of the Church. Most of them I have known for years, and I also love them with all my heart. They have been most kind.

I know that God lives. I know that Jesus is the Christ and the Son of God. I know it as well as if I had seen Him, and I shall take great pleasure in declaring his word for the remainder of my life.

I am thankful for my testimony of the divinity of the mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith. I love him. I have read all I could find about him. I know that God spoke to him and appeared to him, and I know that his testimony, for which he died, is true.

I willingly and gladly, although most humbly, accept this great call which has come to me. It certainly has humbled me; it has humbled my family. I pledge to you my best effort. I love the work. I shall give it my full strength and all the talent which God may give to me.

I know that without the help of the Lord I am powerless to do any good in his ministry; but I know that if I live righteously, he will be with me. I bear you my testimony to the truth of this work, and I do it all in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

EFFICACY OF PRAYER

(Address delivered at the Sunday Afternoon Session of the 114th Annual General Conference, 9th April, 1944, in the Tabernacle in Salt Lake City).

BRETHREN, and radio listeners: And I am very glad to be able to say "Radio Listeners," for of all the conferences I have attended during my life — and they began when I was ten years of age—I have attended none that I have enjoyed to a greater degree than I have this one, up to the present moment of time.

It is my wish, brethren and sisters, to speak for a few minutes on, and call attention to, some of our fundamental principles and their application to our daily lives. In doing this I desire to speak truthfully, wisely and helpfully.

"We believe in God, the Eternal Father, and in His Son, Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost"—three separate, distinct persons, who are united as one in purpose and attunement. Since in the world of life, like begets like, it must follow that in bodily form we are like our Father in heaven. Hence, it cannot be true that we are brutes or descendants of beasts; we are of the race of the gods. It, therefore, follows that man did not, as the atheist asserts, create God in his own image. As a spirit child of our Father in heaven, man not only inherited his divine form, but also the divine attributes, even though it may be in minute quantities only.

Among these are intelligence, will-power, thinking-power, love, charity, mercy, patience, sense of justice, fairness, and right, etc. We believe in the wonderful doctrine of eternal progression, in accordance with which these inherited attributes and powers may be enlarged through effort and righteous living, until ultimately they may reach, in the hereafter, God-like proportions.

Is such a doctrine true, or is it fanciful, based upon eternal truth? In accordance with this belief, life in mortality has a purpose, we know the doctrine is true.

It is fitting here to mention another divine gift to all born into mortality—that of free agency.

Know this, that every soul is free
To choose his life and what he'll be,
For this eternal truth is given,
God will force no man to heaven.
He'll call, persuade, direct aright,
Bless with wisdom, love and light,
In nameless ways be good and kind.
But never force the human mind.

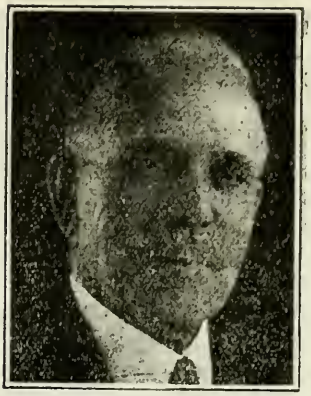
To achieve fully the purpose of mortal life, man must pursue the way of life which the Lord Himself has given, but the Lord will force no man to do this. As a result but relatively few mortal men make earnest attempts to follow the Lord's way of life. Why? There are many reasons, one of which is the lack of sufficient faith in the existence of a living personal God, who is really our Father in heaven, and functions as a loving, merciful, though just God.

We, that is multitudes of Latter-day Saints, not only believe that God lives, but we testify that we know he lives, and in doing so, we are in accord with Biblical teachings. We are reminded that on one occasion, Jesus, receiving various answers from his disciples to his question, turned to Peter and asked: "Whom say ye that I am?" The ready answer was: "Thou art the Christ, the son of the living God." Then the Master replied: "Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven." (Matt. 16:15-17).

On another occasion he said: "My doctrine is not mine, but his that sent me. If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." (John 7:16, 17).

And the Apostle James, in harmony with the teachings of the Master, wrote: "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." But there was a condition named —"But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering. For he that wavereth is like

by JOSEPH F. MERRILL
of the Council of the Twelve.



a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed. For let not that man think he shall get any thing of the Lord." (James 1:5-7).

So this afternoon we have heard Brother Romney speak of the Book of Mormon, and of how we may know, if we fulfil the conditions that the Prophet Moroni names in the last chapter in the book, of the genuineness of that book through the power of the Holy Ghost. It is through the power of the Holy Ghost that we are able to testify that we do know. It is not a matter of belief only, it is a matter of assurance that comes to us, enabling us to say as certainly as we live that we do know.

Brethren, and radio listeners, I myself can testify likewise that I know. But how do I know?

Now, may I say that I am too old, perhaps, to be too diffident to relate a little experience, and I believe that experiences are helpful. I shall here relate one.

Family prayer has been spoken of during these sessions by more than one of the speakers. I was reared in a family where prayer, night and morning, was always the order. I have seen my father sometimes too busy to stop to eat his breakfast, but never too busy to kneel with his family in prayer before he left, to thank the Lord for the prospects of the day, for the rest of the night, and to ask his direction and help in the labours of the day. I was taught to pray at my mother's knee, and when I could say my own little prayers, I was taught that it was my prayer; it should be said in secret, or at least to myself.

So I knelt on one side of the bed, brother on the other side, every night. He never knew what I prayed for. But when I was about ten years of age, I began to pray for a special blessing. But I did not get an answer. Why? Father had taught us that there are three factors that must characterize every prayer that the Lord will answer: We must pray for real needs—and even grown-ups, he said, sometimes ask the Lord for things they do not get, because they ask foolishly — we must pray worthily, and we must pray with faith.

In answer to my first prayer, no answer came. The faith was there, I felt, to the extent that I could exert it. The need was there, I felt certainly no doubt about that, but was the worthiness? I could always think of something, as I prayed night after night without an answer, that I had done that I should not have done, and so I continued to pray, feeling that when I could make myself worthy of an answer, I would get it.

It was after I had been praying nightly for five years that the whole family went, one Wednesday evening, in the month of February, into town and attended a Sunday School entertainment. My class rendered its number, followed by another that sang, and I remember some of the words of that song: "Keep on asking, God will answer by and by." To me that was a revelation. I kept on praying.

Some four years later, in the latter part of the month of August, 1887, in my nineteenth year, after I had been praying nightly for nine long years with all the earnestness of my soul for this special blessing, I was alone in the bedroom, and I said, half aloud, "O Father, wilt thou not hear me?" I was beginning to get discouraged.

Then, brethren, something happened. The most glorious experience that I have received, came. In answer to my question I heard as distinctly as anything I ever heard in my life the short, simple word: "Yes." Simultaneously my whole being,

from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet, was filled with the most joyous feeling of elation, of peace and the certainty that I could imagine a human being could experience. I sprang from my knees, and jumped as high as I could, and shouted: "O Father, I thank thee." At last an answer had come, I knew it.

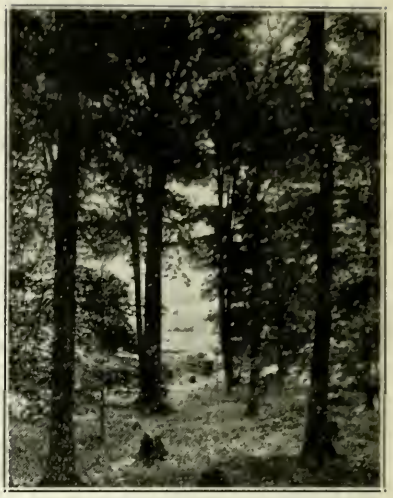
Why did it not come before? I have thanked the Lord many times since that he withheld the answer. A few days after that, Father said to me: "Would you like to go to Salt Lake City and attend the University of Deseret?" — a secret wish of which I had said nothing. I had finished, the spring before, what is equivalent in this day to a junior high school course, nothing more in the town. I wanted to go on and now I could. And as it turned out, after graduating at the University of Deseret, I went east and completed nine years of work in the field of science in four of America's leading universities.

Had I gone without an answer to my prayers at that critical moment in my life I might have forgotten to pray. But I think that I am here to-day—I think that I have been preserved in the Church perhaps, because the answer to my prayer came at that critical moment, since which time never has a day passed that I have forgotten to pray. And as long as memory lasts I cannot forget the thrilling experience of that night.

Now, brethren and sisters, that answer to my prayer was a revelation. What did I want to know? I had learned that Joseph Smith, a fourteen-year-old boy, went into the woods to pray. Fulfilling the conditions necessary to get an answer, he had received the most glorious vision that records give us any knowledge of. He knew that Christ, whose resurrection the Christian world celebrates to-day, also lives. He saw the Christ, his Redeemer; he heard His voice. There was certainty in his soul.

I wanted to know, too, of my own self whether God lives. I believed He would give me testimony. I have had many testimonies since. Brethren, I do know.

Now, brethren, all of you who are here, doubtless could relate experiences similar



THE SACRED GROVE,
where the efficacy of Prayer was proved for all time.

to what I have related. You know, all of you. You are the keymen in the Church of God. You come from all over America, you are the leaders. Every one of you knows, and you can testify. That is one characteristic of the membership of this Church.

But because we know, brethren, we are bound. There are obligations imposed by our certain knowledge that we cannot logically escape. Obligations to do what? Keep the Lord's commandments is the answer. We have heard it said in this conference of the leadership of the Church that the Lord's way of life, if followed by the people, will bring peace to the earth. Wars will cease, and contention will end; but when are we willing to follow the Lord's way of life? Until we do, we shall not have peace; because the evil one is here, and he has under his power the great majority of our Father's children, and through the exercise of that power he is leading them away.

We have heard about some of the delinquencies of youth; and we have also heard it stated here, a correct statement, that youth is delinquent, because grown-ups are delinquent. Boys and girls see what their elders do, and naturally they follow in their footsteps.

We have heard reference, here in this session, to the violation of the sanctity of the Sabbath day. What must we do in these modern times to keep holy the Sabbath day? The law of the Sabbath was given to ancient Israel, when conditions were vastly different. What does it mean to keep holy the Sabbath day in our times? Well, we may not only read the answer in the Doctrines and Covenants, but a century later than this revelation we may also read a signed statement by the presidency of this Church in the editorial columns of the " Deseret News " of a few years ago what it means to keep holy the Sabbath day in our times. We grant to the first presidency the right and duty to interpret our doctrines and indicate what our practices should be in harmony with them. According to this declaration, we may not go to the movies, or any other kind of commercial entertainments on Sunday; we may not go hunting, we may not go fishing, we may not do multitudes of things that even our people do. And why do they do them? Let each individual ask himself that question.

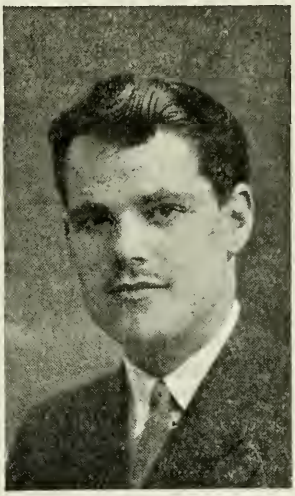
How can one who knows that God lives and can testify that he knows, think of getting his gun and hunting trappings and go out on the Sabbath day into the mountains to hunt deer, or out into the fields to shoot pheasants? How can he think of getting the fishing tackle ready and go out onto the streams and spend the day of the Lord in fishing and in pleasure?

Well, we do many things, brethren, violative of divine commandments. Why do we do them? In the light of our testimony we cannot do them guiltlessly, can we? Are we not obligated by those testimonies to live the Lord's way of life? What shall we do?

And the second great commandment is like unto the first: we must love our neighbours as ourselves; which, as we know, rightly interpreted means our fellow men. But if we are going to love our neighbours as ourselves, we must treat our neighbours as we would like to be treated were the circumstances reversed. In other words, we must live the Golden Rule. And until men are willing to live the Golden Rule far more completely than they are living now, we shall not have peace in our nation or in the world.

Yet we talk of winning the peace after we have won this global war. We won the first World War, but we did not win the peace, it is said. We may win the second World War, but we will win the peace only when we are willing, at least measurably, to live the Lord's way of life. The Lord help us that we may be able to do that, I pray, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

TIN HATS OFF TO A.L.G.



IT'S really a relief to take off our hats these days, because ever since 'A.L.G.' (Alvin L. Gittins to you, Forces) became responsible for illustrating the " Star " our heads, in the Editorial office, have been steadily swelling. And when we saw the cover he had designed, in conjunction with Andre Anastasiou, Jnr., especially for this issue, we were told that our expressions were disgustingly complacent!

But cast an eye on those line block illustrations and you will see that we are justified. We really appreciate A.L.G.'s fine work and the time and thought he so generously gives to the " Star " illustrations. His artistic contributions are a feature of which we are genuinely proud, and we are glad to express our thanks in the columns of the publication he so admirably serves.

—The Editor.

PENTECOST, the Jewish festival, celebrated fifty days after the Passover. was a time of thanksgiving after the grain harvest. The ceremony included the offering of the first two loaves of bread made from the freshly harvested grain. There was feasting and rejoicing, there was prayer and praise and thanksgiving. Harvesters were reminded to leave gleanings in the fields for the poor and fatherless, who were thus brought within its influence and made to rejoice.

While Pentecost stood as the culminating point in the season of thanksgiving for the harvest, it was brought into a higher significance because of its relationship to the Passover. The people were reminded that He who sustained them with bread from year to year, was the same Jehovah who had delivered His people from bondage and slavery, and guided them into the promised land.

The Apostle Paul expressed on several occasions a desire to be in Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost, and he, no doubt, joined secretly in prayers of thanksgiving even when incarcerated and enduring persecution. It was a period of spiritual uplift when appreciation for past favours inspired hope for future blessings. It was "when the day of Pentecost was fully come" that the Apostles and the multitude experienced the marvellous presence of the Holy Ghost, which enabled every man to hear in his own language, though they were assembled "from every nation under heaven."

Something of the spirit of the Pentecostal festival was present at the recent convention of Priesthood and Auxiliary leaders in Birmingham. Delegates were present from various counties, dominions and allied countries. Men and women of different nationalities, of strange accents and manner of speech, of widely varied customs and tastes and prejudices, and yet, being of one accord, every one heard in his own language, and all experienced the same uplift of spirit.

Late summer or autumn is an appropriate season for special thanksgiving—for it is then that we gather the fruits of the year's work and recognize our Father's blessings. This year there is a mounting significance to the autumn season, as it is not only the time of the harvesting of crops, but there is promise of a deliverance, similar to, but on a larger scale, than that which came to the Children of Israel. We are emerging from the dreary wilderness of war into the promised land of peace. Millions in occupied nations have promise of release from bondage; and hope springs from the ashes and debris as the final thunder of the conflict fades into the distance. After the awful reign of the Prince of Darkness we turn to the Prince of Peace, and with a new and poignant meaning we pray "Thy Kingdom Come."

The real test of conversion and loyalty to a cause came to the Israelites after they came out of the wilderness. There they had been held together by common dangers, by enemies from without, by the memory of recent deliverance from slavery, and they were willing, in spite of lapses, to follow prophetic leadership and had the blessing of the Vision, without which the people perish.

Each individual of the vast armies of returning service-men will exert an influence in his own community. He should decide before he leaves for home which side will get the emphasis of his contribution to the home front. It is important that each and all retain that fine spirit of selfless devotion which has made them heroes, until we have finished the task to which we are all committed. The wrecking crews must now become the builders. All must now realize that it is not enough simply to tear down and clear the ground. The real job of construction lies ahead. It calls for organization and leadership, for fidelity and loyalty, for discipline and order and purity of purpose, for high ideals and clear cut objectives.

To the returning service-men the

Church extends the hand of fellowship, of brotherhood. It makes available to them the facilities of its great organization and invites their co-operation in its effort to minister to the material and spiritual well-being of the people. It is cognizant of the fact that Peace like War, must be waged by organized armies, with efficient leadership and loyal forces. You will not be drafted into that army, but are asked to enlist and serve.

There is a gratifying unanimity among the leaders of economic and political groups to-day that the foundations of a just and lasting peace must be laid on the bedrock of Christian principles of of justice and goodwill and brotherhood. So-called religious principles, by some erroneously thought to be impracticable and visionary, now have the sanction of the best men who are directing the "practical" affairs of nations. The denial and attempted expurgation of these principles from their ideology has brought ruin to the Axis powers.

We call upon returning service-men to search their hearts and minds for traces of the soul sickness which was responsible for the bringing of our civilization to the brink of ruin. Let us get our thinking straight, make sure our objectives are worthy and well defined and be prepared to pay the price of their realization, that the sacrifices which you, and we, have made may be added upon and sanctified to the good and blessing of future generations.

You men have seen much of the "seamy side" of life, have felt the brutalizing effects of training and being trained to kill, and have wilted under the burning sun of disillusionment until you have almost questioned whether life is really sacred, as you have seen it so recklessly fed into the greedy maw of the monster. You are now called upon to help to build the City of God, to help to answer the Christian prayers, centuries long, imploring "Thy Kingdom Come."

We recommend to all service-men who are members of the Church that immediate contact be made with ward and branch officers and members, as soon as you return home. While you have been fighting to repel the assault upon these principles which are basic to our national life, those ideas and ideals which were founded in the religious atmosphere in which the Founding Fathers lived, while you have carried the burden of the physical battle against men and machines, the home folk have been equally vigilant in upholding the banners of faith and spirituality and all those finer things of which you think when memories of home make you proud and happy.

If, when you get home, things do not seem to be the same as when you went away, if the separation from the influence of home and Church has resulted in some deviation from the beam sent out from there, we urge as a part of wisdom that you make new contact with and be guided by divinely inspired leadership and submit yourselves to the soul cleansing atmosphere of Church organizations and activities.

There is no more accurate measuring rod by which to gauge your own scale of values than that which may be found among the people of your own faith. They have not been subjected to those powerful influences and cross currents which may have resulted in some confused thinking on your part. If, spiritually, your sight of feeling or hearing have been adversely affected, lean on those who love you best, let them be your guides. benefit by their association, partake of their spirit and be blessed by their prayers. This can only be a time of thanksgiving to them if your returning means a real re-union on a plane of fellowship and understanding, of love and confidence and comradeship for the balance of the journey.

When the war ends and we again have Peace on Earth, we'll join with you and with all like-minded men in praying and working for goodwill among men, and we'll celebrate the joint feasts of the Passover and the Pentecost.

HUGH B. BROWN.

HIGHER IDEALS MAKE SOLDIERS SUPERIOR

By CHAPLAIN REUBEN E. CURTIS.

(The following letter was written by Chaplain Reuben E. Curtis, somewhere in the Marshall Islands, to Bishop Marvin O. Ashton, of the Presiding Bishopric).

DEAR BROTHER ASHTON.—Just a note to bring you up to date in my activities. I suppose that by now you know I have left the Hawaiian Islands. Before leaving I had the pleasure of baptizing another of our soldiers in the beautiful baptismal font in the Waikiki Tabernacle. This makes the third baptism in our Division in the past few months.

It is certainly a pleasure to serve with a good outfit. Our leaders are all fine, God-fearing Christians; and our men, battlewise veterans of Attu and Kwajalein, among the finest soldiers of the world. Prior to leaving on our latest conquest, I talked with a large number of men and found their spirits, as they again faced the prospect of battle, to be unusually high and the general feeling wholesome. They knew from previous experience what they were facing, but were cheerful, calm, confident and deadly determined. I believe their excellent mental attitude was due to four basic reasons:

1. They believe we are superior to the Japanese in both quality of men and quality of equipment. (This observation was based on their experiences on Attu, and later proved to be overwhelmingly correct in the battle of Kwajalein).

2. They believed that everything humanly possible that could be done in the way of preparation to save men's lives had been done. They had great confidence in their leaders.

3. They believe that now, after two tough years, we are fighting a winning war and that victory, although still in the future, is sure.

4. They believe that we have now pushed the war so far back from our shores that there is no longer any danger to their loved ones back home, but they are safe.

This war is a war between two groups with opposite ideals. The one, on the one hand, holding that the person is unimportant; life is cheap; and man as a separate individual, is not worthy of consideration. The result of this way of thinking is clearly shown in the actions of the Japanese during battle. When they are hard-pressed they often take their own lives because they have failed in their obligations to the State. When captured, they most emphatically do not want their relatives notified that they are alive, as they would be ostracised by their friends. Their lives have no value either to themselves or to their loved ones at home.

The other group holds to ideals that are based on the philosophy of life as taught by Jesus Christ, our great master, and recognise man as being the most important thing on this earth; having certain rights and certain responsibilities. It places a value on the individual soul. This is why our soldiers are far superior to the enemy and why we shall, with the help of God, win this war.

Our trip into the heart of the enemy stronghold was exciting, though uneventful. We held some fine shipboard services. The attendance was good and the men sincere in their worship. I believe there were a good many less "last minute" hasty appeals to God, prompted by apprehension, and more good solid trust and faith in Him than prior to the last operation. The pre-invasion bombardment and the battle, itself, was one of the most spectacular things I have ever witnessed. Our men acquitted themselves like the seasoned veterans they were.

"THIS IS WHY OUR SOLDIERS ARE FAR SUPERIOR TO THE ENEMY AND WHY WE SHALL, WITH THE HELP OF GOD, WIN THIS WAR."

These little islets are almost too pretty to be real. They look like someone had taken a string of emeralds and carelessly flung them down on a piece of dark blue velvet. They are covered with coconut palms, pandanus, breadfruit, and mangrove trees with many small shrubs, such as the sweet-potato vine. The natives of the Marshalls are of the Micronesian origin. They are short and stalky, but fine looking people and appear to be very intelligent. The Japanese had conscripted many of the young men and forced them to work. When we invaded Kwajalein many of them were caught in the brunt of the fight. Fortunately we were able to locate their hiding places and lifted the fire from these ideas, but even so, it is miraculous the way their lives were spared.

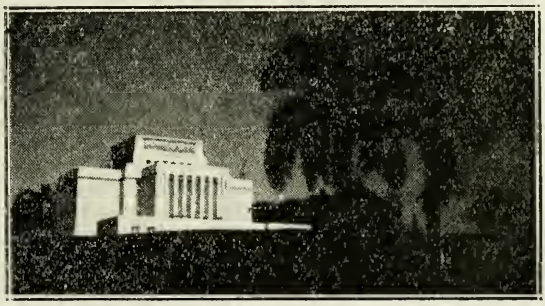
One day I was holding a service when a large group of natives arrived, having been evacuated from a danger area. They were tattered and torn, dirty and dazed, and had for days been living in holes to escape the terrible bombardment. They seemed a pitiful group as they filed up, men, women and children, with tired faces and dragging feet, each carrying a little ragged bundle containing all the things they had been able to save. As they approached we were singing a hymn and they began to join in, in their native tongue.

As soon as we had finished, I was approached by an elderly native who asked if they might have permission to hold a prayer service that night. I replied through an interpreter that there certainly would be no objection, and he invited me to meet with them. He said the Japanese had forbidden them to hold worship services and they hadn't had any since last June.

They busied themselves washing out their clothes, bathing, curling the little girls' hair, and soon were transformed into a pretty respectable looking group. Their wide, friendly smiles were punctuated with sparkling rows of even, white teeth. They opened their little bundles that contained all of their earthly possessions and, to my surprise, the things they had saved as being the most precious was the Bible and a number of hymn books printed in their native tongue.

During the service I spoke briefly to them, through an interpreter, and then the elderly gentleman, who had been to a missionary school, preached a powerful sermon. He related the history of their sufferings, telling how the missionaries (Protestant) had come to them more than twenty years before, and had taught them about Jesus Christ and the ideals of Christianity. Then, he said, the Japanese came and the missionaries were forced to leave, but before going they had promised them that some day we would come back and drive the Japanese out.

Hawaiian Temple By Moonlight



They had been waiting patiently for that day. He said the Japanese had told them that they had driven Christ away and that He would not come back. He said, "They could never drive Christ out of our hearts and we had faith that He would come back." "Now," he said, "the Americans have come and driven the Japanese away and brought Christ with them. We are free, again, to worship God."

It was amazing to me how strong their faith in Christ had remained, through such hardship and for so long a time. As they expresesd it, their faith in God was "from the heart." There was no doubt about them being sincere as far as their knowledge of God went. Their little children, five and six years old, could repeat the Lord's prayer and all of them could sing many hymns from memory.

When I saw the sincerity and joy in their hearts as they gathered together in their humble surroundings, after going through perhaps as great an ordeal as human beings have ever been called upon to endure; saw them give thanks to God as they knew Him, for their blessings, my mind went back over the past year to some of the other conditions under which I had joined in worship out under the merciless desert sun with the temperature reaching one hundred and thirty degrees; huddled together on a damp hillside in the bitter cold in the far north; down in the crowded, stifling, hot bowels of a swaying ship; in a tent in an eighty mile an hour gale; out in the rain and mud without any cover or place to sit down; without the thunder of the guns; and now with a group of simple natives who believed that although they had lost every earthly possession they still had everything that mattered and were thankful.

I couldn't help but think of our own beautiful, restful chapels back in Zion; of my own chapel in Hyland Park, just two blocks from my home. I am not quite sure that I ever appreciated, before, the blessings we have and the opportunities, under ideal conditions, we have to worship our Maker and our sacred obligation to take advantage of those opportunities. I have seen men walk many miles over rough terrain to attend a service, held in the open in a heavy wet fog; and I recall, rather shamefacedly, many times I thought that two blocks back home just a little too much.

I believe this little episode is a forerunner of what may happen all over the world to people almost devoid of hope who look to us as the only means of their liberation from this wickedness that has come upon the world. . May we so live that we will have the spiritual fortitude to take full advantage of the opportunities to preach the gospel to a hungry world that I am sure will come when this war is over and peace has again come to a weary people.

All is well with the few L.D.S. men remaining with our division. They are among the finest men I have ever known, and are living their religion in a manner that would bring great joy to their loved ones. We, in the field, pray that those at home may have the strength to overcome the temptations the war has brought to them. May God be with you.

—"Church News."

THIS truth comes to us more and more the longer we live—that on what field, or in what uniform, or with what aim we do our duty—matters very little, or even what our duty is, great or small, splendid or obscure—only to find our duty certainly, and somewhere, somehow, to do it faithfully, makes us good, strong, happy and useful men, and tunes our lives into some feeble echo of the life of God.

Phillips Brooks.

Dr. Bennion discusses
THE POWER OF CREATION

MEN and women, as well as boys and girls, have been confused and bewildered in trying to understand this strange and great, power of attraction and creation within them, which we know as the mating instinct or sex. It is prevalent in almost the whole of nature. Some people have thought this God-given power to be evil. As a result, women fled into the convent where they could hide their beauty and attractiveness from men and repress their own desires for love.. In the beautiful words of the poet, Ernest Dowson.

"Therefore they rather put away desire
And crossed their hands and came to the sanctuary
And veiled their heads and put on coarse attire;
Because their comeliness was vanity."

Other people, like the Puritans of England and New England, also thought the natural attraction of men and women for each other evil, but they did not take flight into monastery and convent. They believed, rather, that they should live normal lives, and marry and have children, to fulfil the commandment of God. "to multiply and replenish the earth." Yet. they were often ashamed of their mutual regard for one another, and thought sex evil, or a necessary evil at best.

Modern society, and some youths in particular, have revolted against these Mediaeval and Puritan ideas, and justifiably so. Encouraged by the point of view presented in books, in movies, in magazine stories, and in conversation, some young people even swing to the other extreme. They believe that we exist to make love. They would build life around romance. They forget that life itself is the biggest thing in the world, that love must serve and enrich life as a whole.

"THINGS GOOD AND BAD"

Things in life should not be classified as good and evil. or good and bad. Things have good and bad uses, and good and evil functions. The same thing might be good or bad, depending on its use. For example, a powerful drug, such as morphine, in the hands of a dope-fiend, destroys his nervous system. his will power, his mind, and leads him to destruction. Administered by a skilled physician in the right amounts to a patient in a serious condition of ill-health, it may be the means of preserving his nervous system and mind and, in the long run, of helping to save his life. Some of the most delightful things out of life — sunshine. conversation, cheery laughter—can be out of place and destructive. Too much sunshine can kill a person. Conversation during a concert, a prayer, or a lecture, is rude and disconcerting to others. Laughter at funerals and during wedding ceremonies is evidence of ill-breeding.

The power within a girl which makes her attractive to boys is. in and of itself, neither good nor evil, moral nor immoral. Its value and goodness depend on her intention and purpose in its use, and whether the effects of its use are destructive or constructive to herself and others. God has placed within her the power to be beautiful, attractive and creative. When this power of sex is expressed in a beautiful and creative way it is good. Only its abuse is evil. Every girl and boy should know this, and know its good and bad functions, and know that they are sanctioned by their own nature, by law, by religion, and blessed and ordained of God Himself.

Greater than any creation of man is man, himself. The creation of Schubert, the man, with his capacity and potential ability to create beautiful music, is a greater work of creation than his own composition of symphonies. Creation of life. in nearly the whole of nature, is a function of sex.

In our next issue the subject of discussion will be "Procreation."

"Today and Tomorrow," Dr. Lowell L. Bennion.

But Soft — WE ARE NOT ALONE

AND 'OUT THERE,' BOY—THAT MEANS SOMETHING!

PFC. JAY WORSLEY, in a letter received in Birmingham, writes: I have had many experiences in the battle-field, and thank my Father in Heaven that my life has been spared. One incident, particularly, I shall never forget. We were in France. There was sunshine and warmth . . . and the noise of enemy fire, grim and shattering. Before me was an open field, exposed to the hideous raining of German bullets. By some means, at the moment somewhat vague to my comprehension, I had to join my Captain, and to do that I had to cross that field. I had no illusions as to what it meant. . . . I honestly did not relish the idea.

I began to crawl along the hedgerow. Bullets spit soil in my face as I moved. At that moment I thought of prayer. In a strange incoherent fashion I prayed for safety and guidance. My pace was snail-like and in the hot sunshine my body sweated. Then with a peculiar suddenness the fire ceased. A sort of stillness lay like a tangible thing over the crippled landscape. I felt the presence of a Companion, sweet and strong and steadying. A few minutes later I was with the Captain

"Glad you made it, Worsley," he said.

"Yes, sir. . . . I made it." He did not know that it was by the grace of God.

★ ★ ★

HYRUM FINCK of Salt Lake City, now in the Pacific, writes: There have been times when we have been so scared we would tremble, but the fear was put out of our minds with prayer, and the thought that we knew we were being guided through the waters by the Lord. Dad, I love my religion and I'm proud that I had someone like you to teach me to pray. My little book of Mormon is the greatest help I have. It seems to me that every time I'm worrying about something or fear something I open the book just at the right place, if you know what I mean. I'd be lost if I'd ever lose it. Then I also know that you are praying for me each morning and night, and sometimes I feel that I can almost hear just about what you would say.

★ ★ ★

"THROUGH the whole gamut of engagements, the Tunisian, Italian Sicilian and Anzio Beachhead campaigns without a scratch, is indeed a miracle performed in my behalf," was the emphatic declaration of Captain Richard C. Hansen, of the Third Division Artillery, upon his recent return to his home in Salt Lake.

"I have seen men fall all about me and many others die of their wounds, while the Lord has preserved my life and strengthened my testimony," he confided.

Captain Hansen was enthusiastic in his reports of the religious activities of L.D.S. men on the battlefront. "Out there men go to church as often as possible with only one purpose—to worship," he said. "Church services are simple but impressive—stripped of all pretense and other trappings. Each man has a great desire to learn more of the gospel," he added.

Group leaders of members of the Church located in that area. Captain Hansen has been energetic in looking after the welfare of the men, organizing groups for worship, administering to the wounded and sick, and locating and dedicating the graves of the fallen.

★ ★ ★

GEORGE TAGGART, of Ireland, writes: The Royal Navy has many excellent traditions, traditions I have for two years tried hard to honour and support . . . with one exception, that of taking grog.

Before joining the Navy I tried to live the Word of Wisdom as best I could

Afterwards, whilst serving, I was frequently tempted to have "just one" pint of beer or a "sipper" of my mess-mates' rum. However, having seen some of my pals in something like an intoxicated stupor, I managed to resist. But I had not reckoned just what loneliness and that "chocker feeling" could do to one.

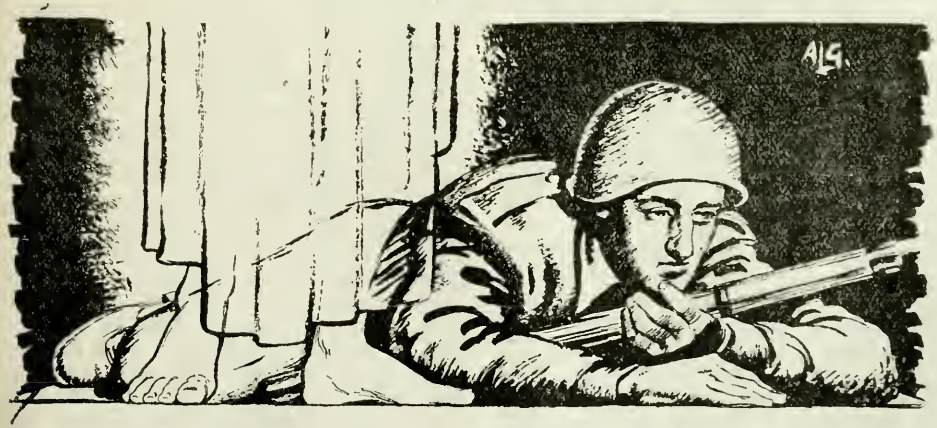
It happened that my oppo was going out on the "spree" to celebrate the birth of his son, and he pestered me so much that I yielded to the temptation and went along with him. That night I drank quite a few glasses of beer, not because I liked it, but because I was fool enough to think I was "being a man."

The next morning I realised just what kind of a fool I had been. The question in my mind, which somehow flickered my self respect like a whip, was " Would I yield again?" The time had come, I decided, to get to my knees.

I prayed for strength. I told my mother of my experience and she prayed, too. I think God always hears when a mother prays. . . . I have been given strength to resist the temptation to be the wrong sort of a man.

This promotes my faith.

LT. JULIAN W. CUMMINGS, of Salt Lake City, who flew over Sicily, writes to his wife: Well, darling, I received one award that I never expected to receive during the war. It hardly seems possible, yet true. I received the Distinguished Service Cross . . . General Patton made the award . . . When I started out on that job at crack of dawn and could see the ack ack and time fire and not knowing the situation on the land, all I could do was to trust in our Heavenly Father, who watches over us always when we call on him for the blessings He gives. Well, darling, I came through without a scratch and did my job well enough to receive recognition. All I can say is that God was surely on my side keeping me going and safe from harm. The other day I was headed back to my outfit and for some reason delayed myself against my will at another point for about fifteen minutes. Later, as I pulled up to my unit, three shells had burst just ten minutes before in the very place where I would have landed. I always offer a silent prayer before any of my flight missions, which are usually over enemy lines. My prayers have been answered more times than I can count.



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I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom and that of all around me seemed insufficient for the day.

Abraham Lincoln.

CONFLICTING LOYALTIES

JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH

SOME few years ago sociological research revealed that a very large percentage of juvenile delinquents and criminals came from slum areas and broken homes. We decried squalor and divorce and whatever other conditions palpably contributed to juvenile delinquency. In the happy assurance of the unbroken circle of our own homes, juvenile delinquency was comfortably remote, and we were inclined with a certain pharisaical unction to be grateful that we were not as other men. Now we are in the midst of a terrible conflict. Social disintegration has always been one of the concomitants of great wars and to a certain extent, therefore, is to be expected, but even so the present increase in juvenile delinquency is alarming. The daily press devotes columns to it. The U.S. Federal Bureau of Investigation issues repeated warnings that if juvenile crime is not curbed, national disaster is imminent. Examination of the facts reveals that the juvenile delinquent is no longer largely a product of a broken home, at least not of the broken home as heretofore defined. A very large percenatge of these delinquents come from the so-called best families. Many parents, ostrich-like, are refusing to recognise the danger. While they may admit that delinquency is no longer confined to the under-privileged children across the tracks and that it may exist—unfortunately—next door, they cannot see that it may exist under their own roofs. Others —particularly those whose children have been apprehended — are clamouring for remedy. Still others, suffering from moral lethargy, are beguiled into looking upon the questionable escapades of their children as the inconsequential exuberance of youth, dulling themselves with the anodyne that the young people will eventually grow out of it and settle down to serious business.

It is time that we place the blame for juvenile wrong-doing squarely where it belongs, upon parents.

Now, I am fully aware that a given child may follow improper paths in spite of his parents. He is very rare. This cannot be said of a large percentage of the whole generation.

In an age where license too frequently masquerades as freedom, we have been negligent in maintaining those safeguards upon which real freedom depends. Foolish notions, promulgated under the guise of progressive education—an insidiously persuasive expression — as they have been put into practise, have given unbridled reign to young people to such an extent that they have escaped the necessity of responsibility. Parents have comfortably excused their own neglect of their children, nay, have defended it in terms of progressive education—for have not the authorities advised that children be given their heads? "Religious instruction should be withheld until children are ready to choose their own church affiliation. A particular academic course should not be pursued until the child shows an interest, a desire, or an aptitude in that direction." Such philosophy makes child-rearing comparatively easy. It limits parental responsibility largely to supplying the physical requirements of the young human animal.

Latter-day Saint parents must not delude themselves that juvenile delinquency is confined altogether to the gentiles. While we have a very great deal to be grateful for, juvenile court records are a stinging indictment of our own

shortcomings. These data are available to anyone who is sufficiently interested to acquaint himself with the facts.

Let us make one or two concretely constructive suggestions.

First of all, it is absolutely imperative that Latter-day Saint parents present to the children an unrelenting Latter-day Saint example. A parent cannot afford to break the law of the land or the law of the Church. Have you ever stopped to think of what a terrific hardship and injustice a parent works on his child when he encourages him to go to Sunday School and attend his priesthood meetings, and at the same time indulges in conduct which conflicts with the teachings which the youngster receives in these very church meetings. Think of the mental turmoil generated in the youngster whose parents urge him to go to Sunday School, where he is taught the Word of Wisdom, only to realise that his parents don't keep the Word of Wisdom. He becomes the unhappy victim of conflicting loyalty. He loves his parents in

by Joseph Fielding Smith

OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

a very real way. Let one of his fellows attack his parents and he is ready to fight in their defence. His parents are Mormons. They send him to Sunday School and to Primary, are instrumental in having him ordained a Deacon, and send him to Priesthood meeting. He has a loyalty to the Church. Let one of his fellows sneer at the Church and he is ready to defend that; for after all, are not his parents members of the Church? The Church teaches him that it is wrong to use tobacco, liquor, tea and coffee. Moreover, it teaches him that he shall honour his father and his mother, that his days may be long in the land, and so on. His parents violate the teachings of the Church. These conflicting loyalties give rise to intellectual and emotional disturbance which cannot but be harmful. If the youngster is particularly sensitive it may result in his complete undoing. If, on the other hand, his parents are loyal to the Church, if he sees the teachings which he hears expounded in his Church meetings respected and fully lived by his parents at home, and if he is encouraged to emulate his parents' example and to be obedient to the teachings of the Church, which amount to one and the same thing, he is strengthened and fortified and protected against the devastation of internal conflict. He is helped by two potent agencies—the home and the Church—to become a whole man —as the psychologists put it, a well integrated man. A man divided against himself can no more stand than a divided house. It is nothing short of criminal for a parent to impale his child upon the horns of a dilemma of conflicting loyalty. No Latter-Day Saint parent would subject his child to unremitting and increasing physical torment. Physical suffering pales before the anguish of mental conflict, and yet there are hundreds of Latter-day Saint parents inflicting mental and spiritual torture upon their children by forcing upon them a conflicting loyalty which will ultimately be resolved by the destruction of one or the other, or both.

Three courses are open to Latter-day Saint parents: One, to be active in the Church and to be fully obedient to the principles of the Gospel and to send their children to Church, and encourage them to be active. Two, to claim membership in the Church, but refuse to abide by the principles of the Gospel and to send their youngster to Church. Three, to refuse to abide by the principles of the Gospel themselves and to keep their children away from Church contacts. The last course is more temporarily humane than the second, but by setting a bad example and depriving the children of Church contacts, the parent is opening the door wide to delinquency. The second procedure is cruelly—however unwittingly—subjecting the child to a destructive inner turmoil which may easily find resolution in delinquency. The first is the only practical, sane, human, kind and socially constructive procedure.

—" The Instructor."

LORD HALIFAX at MORMON MEETING

AT his own request, Lord Halifax British Ambassador to the United States, touring America, accompanied by Lady Halifax, Governor and Mrs. Herbert B. Maw, and others of his official party, attended a typical Mormon Sunday evening meeting during a Salt Lake City visit on May 14th.

At the services, held in the Garden Park Ward of the Bonneville Stake, Dr. Adam S. Bennion was the principal speaker. He described the Mormon people and the Church.

At the close of the meeting Lord Halifax was presented with a triple combination copy of the Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, and Pearl of Great Price autographed by President J. Heber Grant, Governor Maw, Salt Lake City's Mayor, Earl J. Glade, and Sterling W. Sill, Ward Bishop.

In response to the gift the Ambassador said:—

> I have been profoundly impressed by this experience. The Mormon exodus was one of the greatest ventures of faith in all history. What an example it is for those who seek the same freedom and liberty of truth.

—"Improvement Era."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

PARALYSED FLYER BAPTISED INTO CHURCH

by E. CLAIRE PIERCE

TOO often we falter in life because we do not bind ourselves to the teachings of the Gospel and strengthen our faith by experience.

When I was in El Cajon, California, working with Elders Lorin S. Miller and George A. Palmer, we met the Aulgers, a couple who had spent most of their time travelling. Mr. Aulger had been a Navy flier for fourteen years and although his wife was a member of the Church, she had been inactive.

In the course of flying, Mr. Aulger was stationed at Pensacola, Florida, where he instructed naval cadets. One day he and a student crashed when landing a plane. The studet came out without being hurt, but Mr. Aulger was paralyzed from his hips down. The first attempt his wife made to contact the elders was not successful. Later, however, they were found and Mr. Aulger was administered to.

He was discharged from the services soon after his accident and he and his wife settled in El Cajon. We began to visit with them and teach them the Gospel, while Mrs. Aulger's brother sent them church books. This and the help of the Lord gave new strength, new courage. When we were transferred, Mr. Aulger made the statement that, should he never walk again, if he could only help someone to find his purpose in life his greatest desire would be fulfilled. This, he said, we had done for him.

In December, 1943, he visited his wife's parents in Mesa, Arizona, where his father-in-law baptized him into the Church.

—From "Church News"

WOMAN'S SPHERE

THE following is a letter we are happy to publish because it expresses so delightfully the spirit of our women in uniform. We wish they would write to us more often, let us know of their experiences and thoughts. They may be interested to know that in the October issue of the "Star" a new feature is to be incorporated—a "Forces Page." And we want to publish Your News! So, won't you let us know when you get promoted, what you said to the Sergeant, and how you met the girl-from-next-door, somewhere in the Hebrides?

Don't be discouraged, because your news does not make history. To those who love you, it is the small, intimate things which count.

My dear Sisters,

At last I find time to talk to you. Nowadays the only way I can talk to you is through the old medium of pen and ink, as I am at present serving in the uniform of my country, with so many of my country-women. To-day is my day off, so I thought it an ideal opportunity to have a chat with you. If I lift my head and look around me, I can see quite an expanse of the rugged beauty of Scotland. The mountains, with their covering of beautiful purple heather, the crofter's cabin, a few sheep grazing in the field beyond me, and down below, the ships coming in and going from the harbour; the stillness broken only by an occasional hoot of a ship's siren and the sound of the seagulls in their quest for food.

There are so many things I would like to say to you—about what you have been doing for your summer programme in Mutual; about the jacket you are making and the fruit you are wisely bottling, to be used in the months that lie ahead, and all the little things that happen from day to day. As I sit here my mind goes back to the time I was serving the "King of Kings," and a missionary, therefore, among you; when I used to shake your hand, and look into you friendly eyes, and feel the warmth of the sweet spirit of sisterly love.

I have a girl friend who is stationed a few miles from me, and we meet as often as possible, and then we go for long walks over the moors, and talk of the experiences we have had, as she is also an ex-missionary, so we have many happy times.

I am looking forward with an eager heart to the day when we will be able to shake hands once more, and share again the joy of sisterly union in our beloved Gospel.

Sincerely your Sister,

ENA JOAN ROBINSON.

AS WE GO TO PRESS . . .

News has been received of the death of Sister Luacine Savage Clark, wife of President J. Reuben Clark, of the First Presidency. While we are not yet in possession of any details concerning this sad event, we express our deepest regret and send our love and our sympathy to President Clark and his family.

"WE SHALL ARISE TO THE OCCASION OF '44 . . ."

How the 24th was kept "Somewhere in Italy"

THEY came from Sardinia, Corsica and Sicily, by jeep and plane and on shank's pony, to a certain Red Cross Theatre, somewhere in Italy, where Pioneer Day was being celebrated by Latter-day Saints in uniform. Some of them had come direct from the front-line, according to a letter received from C.S.M. F. Neal, which we quote:

"We met at ten o'clock in the morning and the meeting opened with the hymn "Come, come, ye Saints," followed by "O, say what is Truth," and a prayer. We then introduced ourselves. . . . I had only one regret, I was the only British member. We had three L.D.S. chaplains with us, Captain Vernon A. Cooley, who will be remembered by the Saints as a missionary in Britain, and for his association with Rochdale Basketball team, Elder Ricks and another chaplain who had just arrived. The splendid theme of the talks was "We shall arise to the occasion of '44, by the faith, courage and determination of '47." A chorus sang "High on the mountain top," and we concluded at twelve o'clock with "For the Strength of Hills."

We had a sacrament meeting, too, at which I was asked to officiate, and I was proud. I am asking you, brother, if you can just find a paragraph in the "Star" to ask any British members to seek out the meeting places as advertised in the "Stars and Stripes," or to call at any American chaplain's office."

It must have been good to listen to those boys, thousands of miles from home who did not forget the glorious 24th.

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THE GIFT OF NIGHT

THE world is steeped in starry night,
So still—so sensed in solitude,
And Morpheus manifests her right—
Throughout these hours of tranquil mood.

- - - -

No sound but of the passing brook,
No scent but of the Lotus flower—
Gone is the thrush, still is the rook,
None but the owl, in the orchard bower.

- - - -

Peace, peace, O Lord, in Thee we raise,
Whilst all the earth shall sleep;
And Thy created creatures laze—
In slumbers calm and deep.

- - - -

The sun has long gone to the west,
The moon—God's lamp of night,
Maintains her vigil o'er the nest
Of beast and bird of light.

- - - -

O world, what of thy life and light,
Where are thy people now—
Who bids them to the silent night,
And calms their weary brow?

- - - -

Our thanks, O God, to Thee we pray,
For this Thy hallowed rest;
Wherein our toilings of the day
May cease at Thy behest.

- - - -

O, Heavenly Father, grant us strength,
The will to do the right—
That we may prove ourselves at length,
To share Thy GIFT OF NIGHT.

—By Sgt. G. S. Garradley-Armstrong.

THAT WAR TIME SPIRIT

by E. JOHN S. JONES

THE war-time spirit should not be confused with the war-like spirit, nor does it refer to the present quality of liquor. It means, simply, the effects of the trials and hardships of war upon the human soul.

By spiritual things, the writer refers to the basic needs of the human soul, when by coming into contact with the forceful shock of war, a man is stripped of all the refinements and comforts of civilisation and stands to face the withering heat of battle.

We may think that we know our neighbour or our brother simply because our association has been one of long standing, but if we had jogged along life's more or less peaceful highway for many years more, we may still never have known him fully. It is only when the extraordinary happens, when life's pleasures are denied him, when he is torn from his home and his loved ones and thrust into the company of men whose standards are far lower than those to which he has been accustomed, that his true character begins to show itself.

Men have said, " There is no such thing as spirit, this life is the beginning and the end. All that matters is my job, my home, my bank account and a few friends. These things make my senses respond, that I can see, hear, touch and hold solid in my grip—these are real things. The others don't count. They are unreal because they are intangible. They do not exist because I know nothing of them." Then, in the least expected hour, war casts its fiery fingers across his property, and those things which he cherished so much, which took so much toil and effort to get together, his home with all its intimacies and comforts, vanish in a roar of smoke and flames. Dazed and blinded with the horror of it all, he numbly exclaims, "I have lost everything." Has he? He has lost everything that he understood was real, but as light begins to filter through the darkness he begins to learn that those things he had thought so permanent are really but transient and perishable. It is the qualities of the spirit which endure.

What are these qualities of the spirit? Courage is one, and hope and faith, and every other virtue that can strengthen and uplift a man. These are essentials to the soldier who, in order to be effective, must have the highest possible morale. This is a term used extensively in war-time. The dictionary tells us that Morale is 'the courage of an army.' But there are two kinds of courage. . . .

The real enemy is he whose Satanic influences persuade the soldier that his principles are evil, the method of government employed by his authorities corrupt, his cause hopeless. Despair in the heart of a soldier makes him as useful as an apple whose core is maggot-ridden. A poet once wrote, of despair:

A stagnant pool, a murky bog,
A dungeon dark, a chilly fog,
An Autumn eve, a deep dank well,
A product foul, not far from Hell.

Fight it hard, give it no hold!
For once it starts, like a green mould
It smothers the soul, decays,
Disintegrates a thousand ways.

Give a cheer, a laugh, a smile,
Hold the head up all the while
For the weed can have no scope
If you have as an ally, its worst foe—
Hope.

A ruin of a once beautiful cathedral or abbey is a pathetic sight. The weeds of ivy and lichen eat their way into the apparently solid stonework until the structure gradually becomes a heap of stone and dust with but faint resemblance to its former glory. So it is with a man's soul when he opens his defences to evil's destructive forces. Hope is the finest weed killer for this noxious growth. Hope in a life after this, which truth brings great comfort to a man who has death as his travelling companion, to know that life is just a morning and evening of Eternity.

Then let us not neglect the spiritual front, for though we may be completely victorious in the field, if we prove unfaithful to our ideals in the triumph of victory, we are yet the losers.

No. 2

"THE MAN BORN TO BE KING"

by Dorothy L. Sayers

I HAVE read books written by men and women who could make a rose yield perfume so real, so poignant, I could feel the dew of its petals against my lips. I have read Shakespeare and seen anew "this precious stone set in a silver sea." It is the awful prerogative of writers to create or to kill, to enclose with warmth and reality, or to cloak in meaningless words that which might have been noble.

I cherish a purely personal belief that when Dorothy L. Sayers wrote "The Man Born to be a King," she was divinely inspired, because in that book, she veritably made alive every sweet conception I had ever known of Jesus the Christ. I don't think I had even realised, before I read it, that Christ was young, virile, a born leader. with all the strength of the Son of God, and all the gentleness which could be imparted to Him from a woman.

Did you know that Matthew was a hard-bitten little Cockney who knew, to a nicety, how many pennies make a shilling? You didn't? There were no such things as Cockneys in the time of Christ? I wonder. . . . Haven't there always been Cockneys, or their spiritual counterpart?

And did you know that "James was John's link with earth, and that John was James' link with Heaven"? Did you ever feel the love that Peter had for His young Master, which always blundered and did the wrong thing, which could walk on the water one minute, and sink down into the unfathomed depths, the next? I never did, until I read "The Man Born to be King."

Then I saw Jesus as a man among men, weighed afresh in the scales of mortality. And. joy of joys, He was not found wanting.

Perhaps because I am a woman, and women set store by these things, I loved Him because of the exquisite chivalry, which kept His eyes on the ground when that poor thing, taken in adultery, was brought before Him for His condemnation.

I loved Him because He was fond of the sea, and knew and loved the men who go down to the sea in ships. He liked to be alone, and because there is that in me which loves solitude, I feel the nearer to Him because of it.

Did you know that Mary Magdalene was really a woman who loved life, but who just didn't know what really living was, until the Christ showed her? She loved colour, gaiety, laughter, adventure. Only what she thought was colour was a bauble, and gaiety, empty excitement. Laughter, which was the child of joy, she had never known, and her adventure was draped in the sordid rags of lost virtue. It was not until she sat at the feet of Christ that she learnt what it meant to be abundantly alive. It was He who showed her what colour meant, adventure and joy which is deeper than laughter. I hadn't realised until I read "The Man Born to be King," how literally Christ meant the words, "In Me ye have Eternal Life."

I felt I knew Christ better for having read it. He lived and breathed. I should like to have known Him, had He only been a man and not the Son of Man. I should like to have been there when He stood, Life itself rebuking death and calling Lazarus out of Eternity. I should like to have touched His hair, while He stooped to wash the feet of His disconcerted disciples.

I am glad, though, that 2,000 years separate me from the Crucifixion. It would be agony to see the hands into which I still, so often and so thoughtlessly, continue to drive the nails.

EDITH RUSSELL.

BRITISH MISSION

South London. — Members of the Y.M.M.I.A. Superintendency were present at a recent Investiture of Boy Scouts, in the Gravesend Branch and welcomed with pleasure Mr. H. Fean, Hon. Secretary to the Local Association of Boy Scouts. The proceedings throughout were in the capable hands of Scoutmaster V. L. Palmer. Good Scouting to you, Gravesend!

Sheffield. — We have reports from the District of new ordinations to the Priesthood, which are gratifying. Our warmest greetings to this progressive District and apologies that a very noble effort was given only sparse recognition. Let's shake hands on it, Sheffield!

Bristol—Welsh. — News of an excellent M.I.A. Convention. Congratulations and let's have more reports of these heart-warming achievements. The historical record of the British Mission is in the making!

Notice. — Sister Winifred Moore, who has been a member of the British Mission Genealogical Board since 7th June, 1942, was honourably released on the 25th June, 1944. The Mission authorities and members of the Board extend to her their thanks for the work and co-operation given and her zealous efforts made on behalf of Salvation for the Dead.

DEATHS

RAMM.—The death occurred on May 4, 1944, of Brother Myles Ramm, of the Hull Branch, aged 71. His faithfulness will be long remembered.

MOGERLEY. — Brother Henry Mogerley, for 36 years a faithful, diligent member of the Dublin Branch, passed peacefully away, 26th July, 1944. Funeral services and burial were held 28th July, 1944, at Mount Jerome Cemetery, Dublin. The service was conducted by Elder George Brenner, who also dedicated the grave.

BIRTHS

PICKLES.—On 2nd July, 1944, the infant son, born to Brother James R. and Sister Ivy Pickles, of Nelson, on 13th June, 1944, was blessed by President John R. Moore, and given the names Rennick Lomas.

GOODWIN. — On Sunday, 17th March, 1944, at the Hyde Branch, the infant son of Mr. and Sister Goodwin, was blessed by President Albert Woodruff, and given the name Barry.

ENGAGEMENTS AND MARRIAGES

BASCOME—GARDNER.—The wedding of Elder Charles Stanley Bascome (R.C.A.F.), son of John Watson Bell Bascome, of Raymond, Alberta, to Sister Jean Alison Gardner, daughter of Sister Mary C. Gardner and the late Captain John Gardner, formerly of Liverpool and London, took place civilly at St. Albans, on 26th July. President Hugh B. Brown pronounced a blessing on Sunday, 30th July.

ROBINSON — WOODHEAD. — On Saturday, 3rd June, 1944, the marriage took place, in the Rochdale Branch Chapel, of Elder Wilford J. Robinson (H.M.F.), of Nottingham Branch, and Sister Ivy Woodhead, of Rochdale. The ceremony was performed by President Andre K. Anastasiou.

PRICE — WYNN.—The marriage of Brother Charles L. Price, of Toole, Utah, and Sister Mary Emma Wynn, of Oldham Branch, was solemnised by District President Albert Woodruff, at the Oldham Branch Chapel, on Thursday, 8th June, 1944.

MOOR—VAN POUCKE.—On 7th June, 1944, the engagement was announced of Elder Lawrence Moor and Sister Mavis Van Poucke, both of the Batley Branch, Leeds District.

CURTIS—WOODHEAD. — At the St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Nottingham, on Saturday, 17th June, the marriage of Sister Hazel Woodhead, of Rochdale, and Brother Norman H. Curtis, of Salt Lake City, Utah, was performed by the Rev. G. Walker. Brother and Sister Curtis were to have been married at Rochdale, on 3rd June, by President A. K. Anastasiou, but owing to war conditions this was not possible. Grateful thanks are due to the Rev. Walker for his kindness and friendly assistance in making this marriage possible, at very short notice.

BRITISH MISSION

The Priesthood Convention, held in Handsworth, Birmingham, on 5th and 6th August, will long be remembered for its spirit of re-conversion and re-dedication to the wonderful Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. It heralds a New Era in the British Mission. President Hugh B. Brown, who presided, said that the spirit manifested in that small chapel, was of a quality unsurpassed even in the Tabernacle. He addressed a gathering of 100 Saints, and though his was a voice of warning, it seemed, to quote the poet, "We saw the Morning break." No man or woman who attended this Convention went away unchanged. It was a new Pentecost, a new baptism of the Holy Spirit.

DISTRICT CONFERENCES

Sept.	9-10 ..	SHEFFIELD
,,	23-24 ..	NOTTINGHAM
Sept.	30-Oct. 1.	MANCHESTER
Oct.	7-8 ..	NEWCASTLE
,,	14-15 ..	BIRMINGHAM
,,	21-22 ..	BRISTOL
,,	28-29 ..	NORWICH
Nov.	4-5 ...	HULL
,,	11-12 ..	WELSH
,,	18-19 ..	LEEDS
,,	25-26 ..	SOUTH LONDON

THEY LIKE THE STAR!

FROM SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

"I have just finished reading again the June issue of the dear old "Star." May I warmly congratulate you on a really fine edition. I am looking forward to another month's good reading."—Corporal Alex. M. Morris.

★

FROM CO. DURHAM

Well merited compliments are due for the splendid "Millennial Star." I derive from it great joy and much spiritual food. My wife is a staunch Methodist. . . . . However, I have pressed her into reading some of the articles in the Star, and she acknowledges that they show good sense.—John A. Atkinson.

★

"STAR" AN INSPIRATION

Dear Editor.—In my reading the "Star," I have found it to be a very interesting magazine. I always carry it with me and when time permits, I read it over. I want to compliment you for doing such a great work and pray that the "Star" will progress and inspire others as it has inspired me. Much success to you.—Pfs. Jay S. Worsley. England, July, 1944 .

WIT'S ENDS

IN A LIGHTER VEIN

HINT TO MOTHER

The mother-in-law should be careful not to go too far, unless she stays there.

A PRISONER'S DESIRE

Prisoner (to guard): What do flashlights have that I wish we had?
Guard: I don't know, what?
Prisoner: Dry cells.

HEAVY ARTILLERY

Nit: So your boy friend is one of the big guns of industry.
Wit: Yes—he's been fired seven times!

ALAS! POOR RUTH

Ruth rode on my motor bike,
Directly back of me;
I hit a bump, going sixty-five
And rode on ruthlessly.

THE WORLD'S WAY

Smoke and the world smokes with you; swear off and you smoke alone.

RELATIVE DEVOTION

Mr. Anderson: I understand your wife came from a fine old family.

Mr. Snow: Came is not correct word—she brought it with her.

FRESH FITTINGS

Ann Stevens: Oh, Nancy! I've had a lot happen to me since I saw you last—I had my teeth out and an electric stove and refrigerator put in.

MONEY'S TRICKS

Strange that men call money "dough" Dough sticks to your fingers.

RE-BIRTH

A prominent business man in America read an obituary notice of himself, he indignantly demanded that the paper should apologise. The paper would not apologise, but they would put him in the birth column next day and give him a fresh start.

THE LOSER PAYS

A lady in the country had two small nephews but could only take one for a holiday. When Charlie arrived she said, "Well, Charlie, it's you that has come. How did you decide?" "We tossed," said Charlie. "So you won," his aunt remarked. "No, I lost," responded Charlie.

NO ACCIDENT

A farm servant was being examined for health insurance and was asked, "Have you ever had an accident?" The answer was "No."
"Then why are you lame?"
"A bull pitched me over a fence."
"Well, was that not an accident?"
"No fear, the old bull meant it."

A GOOD EXAMPLE

A father impressed on his son to always stand and give his seat to a lady if a car was crowded. One day the car was crowded, and the boy was sitting on his father's knee. A fashionable young lady entered the car. The lad immediately jumped off his father's knee and offered the seat to the young damsel.

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

we intend to incorporate

A PAGE FOR THE FORCES

Write to us

Telling us of your experiences in the services, expressing your views, relating all these amusing, interesting anecdotes you would like to share with your friends.

* * *

And Forces! Don't Forget to pass the "STAR" along to your Buddy. He'll Appreciate it!

★ ★ ★

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